

Animals

OUR DUMB

JANUARY

1950



"HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, TOO!" (See page 8)

—Photo, Roland G. Smith

MARY ELIZABETH THURGOOD SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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Animals

JANUARY, 1950

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PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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The New Year

EACH New Year's Day is likely to make us think of the past as of the future. The yesterday of the cause we represent — does it warrant us to face tomorrow with larger hope and wider vision? We think it does. Many of the wrongs and evils of the past have been righted, and the lot of animals greatly improved due to the efforts of humane societies. Much remains to be done, but everywhere the interest in animal welfare is deepening. Humane Education is being recognized as a vital element in the training of the young. Large church groups have given it their endorsement and made it a part of their teaching in dealing with the children and youth under their care.

Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was begun with prayer. Mr. Angell, in his Autobiography, tells how at the close of the meeting at which the Society was organized, he and the Honorary Secretary went to an office underneath and, with a deep sense of responsibility, knelt and asked God to bless it.

Our Society's first appeal to the public closed with these words, "This Society has a great work before it, and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman in Massachusetts who believes in God and has sympathy for His suffering creatures."

Could he speak to us today, George T. Angell might be heard saying as Moses said to Joshua, "Be strong and of a good courage; fear not, neither be Thou dismayed."

E. H. H.

Progress in Our Distemper Research Program

A LITTLE more than a year ago it was announced in these columns that a distemper research program was to be undertaken at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. This report is intended to inform our readers of the progress that has been made. The mere existence of such a program has focused interest and attention of the hospital staff on the complex distemper problem, so that a better and more general understanding of the clinical picture of this disease, and of those frequently mistaken for it, has been attained.

The intent of the first year's study was to accumulate accurate case histories and clinical data on all animals admitted to our Macomber Ward. All these data were subsequently filed for study of the progress of the individual cases and of the effectiveness of the treatment applied. All animals which succumbed were autopsied, if the owner did not express objection. All possible attempts were made by this and by clinical laboratory means to establish an accurate diagnosis of distemper or of the distemper-like diseases from which the animal might have been suffering. At this time, tissues were taken from all organs and were studied microscopically to further the diagnostic attempts. In addition, these tissues have been preserved for future study, should pathologic entities be discovered which will definitely separate the various diseases of the distemper complex.

A good part of this work was done by Dr. John Bentinck-Smith, who came to us from Cornell University, first to intern, and finally to do this year of research. Dr. Bentinck-Smith has now gone to New York State Veterinary College at Cornell as Assistant Professor of Pathology. We are sorry to have him go, but also feel that Cornell has gained a teacher at least partly as a result of our training and our research project.

One hundred and forty cases have come to autopsy since the work began intensively in September 1948, and ending one year later. Forty-five of these animals were known definitely to be suffering from canine distemper due to the specific virus of Carre. Nine had the distemper-like syndrome now called hard pad dis-

ease. Three cases received a diagnosis of "kennel cough," although we are not sure that this disease is not caused by the distemper virus. Eight cases of encephalitis (inflammation of the brain) not due to the distemper virus were seen. Three dogs died of toxoplasmosis (a specific and rather rare disease somewhat resembling distemper). Nineteen dogs were found to have contagious canine hepatitis, a disease resembling sore throat and tonsillitis at its inception and often leading to sudden and unexpected death. This disease was first described in Sweden in 1946, and was definitely proved to exist in this country by Dr. Coffin at our Angell Memorial Hospital in 1947. Forty-four dogs were proved to be suffering from the infectious canine disease, leptospirosis. This disease is rarely mistaken for distemper, but it may conceivably resemble it in some of its stages. Thirty-nine animals were classified as miscellaneous and not diagnosed.

At present, the work is progressing along several lines. 1. A detailed study of cases selected from the Macomber Ward is being carried on with the end in view of continuing the study of relationships of the various distemper entities. 2. Those animals with convulsions and other nervous changes are subjected to special scrutiny with the hope of even-

tually identifying the complex causes, other than distemper, of these symptoms.

3. Correlation of the findings noted above, with clinical symptoms and course is attempted so that help can be given to the clinician in diagnosis and treatment.

4. Special studies of liver function tests and other laboratory procedures are being made to aid in establishing a definite diagnosis in living cases in the disease, contagious canine hepatitis.

A search is now under way for a pathologist, preferably from one of the western European countries, to help in the tremendous amount of detail work necessary in these research studies. The laboratory now has an additional technician, making three in all, plus a regularly assigned intern and its pathologist, Dr. David Coffin.

As one may well imagine such a program entails large expense, but we feel it well worthwhile for the saving of animal life and will go through with it as far as our resources will last. We feel sure that our readers and friends will wish to have a part in this great undertaking. You can help your dog and *all* dogs by sending a contribution to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Just mark it for the Distemper Fund and your donation will be used solely for this one purpose — the study of the distemper problem.



A view of one of the rooms in the Macomber Ward where animals suffering from distemper are treated and isolated from other Hospital patients.



"Hey, come on back here! I want to play some more."

Photo by Howard Nickerson

No more interesting stories can be found than those of—

Animals in the News

FOR instance, the little dog in the picture got in the news recently by becoming subject matter for photographer Howard Nickerson, East Norwalk, Connecticut. This picture, by the way, won third place in the Amateur Class of a dog photo contest sponsored by the Gaines Dog Food Research Center.

* * *

And, according to Tom Farley, veteran author of "Dog Tales," despite the stout competition of atom bomb scares, congressional investigations and other headline stories, dogs manage to hold their place in the news. Here are two diverting dog tales that have come along in the normal course of things:

The telephone company, which has so often been responsible for averting tragedies in human lives, recently came to the rescue of a little dog in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. When an operator heard whines and barks over an open wire, she flashed an SOS to the police and provided them with the addresses of the three subscribers on the party line.

Two Milwaukee police squads, finding everything all right at two of the subscribers' homes, entered the Robert V. Bertal home on North 41st Street where they received no answer to their knock.

There they discovered the sole occupant of the house, "Spotty," a four-month-old terrier, cowering near the telephone receiver which had been knocked off the hook.

Spotty led them first of all to the icebox, then to the door — mission accomplished.

* * *

The idea of using a dog as "mediator" at the United Nations meetings at Lake Success, N. Y., may make some people chuckle, but it struck one small Brooklyn boy as a very sensible plan. In his letter to UN officials, he wrote:

"Dear Sir, I have a dog. He is a German shepherd and his name is 'Butchie.' Everybody in our house is happy when Butchie is around. He is so good in keeping peace when my friends start to fight. I would like to bring Butchie to the Security Council. If there are any arguments, Butchie would bark and tell them to be more quiet. I think everybody will then get along much better."

The letter was passed along to Trygve Lie, UN Secretary General. Lie's personal assistant thanked the youngster for his suggestion and said he would be glad to see him at any time. However, he doubted the wisdom of bringing Butchie to Lake Success.

And speaking of atom bombs, they certainly are scary things, but it takes a lot less than that to scare a cat. Maybe cats are just naturally that way. At least, children are forever calling each other "scared-cats," so there must be something to it.

For instance, there's a jet black cat out in Greencastle, Indiana, that got such a scare that its hair is actually turning white. We have Mrs. James W. Wright's word for it. And as she's the cat's owner, she certainly ought to know. She said that her jet black cat knocked over a vase and got such a scare that the poor animal is turning white.

"Kitty was a coal black Angora," she said, "until he knocked over the vase. And the shattering glass made so much noise that now he's gradually turning white. There was such a clatter that the cat whisked under a chair and stayed there for hours."

"About a week ago, I noticed a white ring around his neck," she continued. "Now the backs of his front legs are white and there are white spots on his sides."

Well, we have heard of people's hair turning white from fear and it does seem logical that it might very well happen to an animal, although this is the first instance of it that we have ever come across.



It seemed only yesterday that the fawn was spotted.

Monarch Supreme

By Calvin W. Walker

IT seems only yesterday that the fawn was spotted; that, standing tremulously in the roadside thicket, he was a little fellow holding up an enormous pair of mulish ears. In his rigid fixation, the great lobes oriented over unblinking soft round eyes, he seemed to question mutely the enormity of this strange new world. And behind that motionless head, his small body was yet unfilled; hollowed slightly and rib-scarred, the metamorphosis from warm succulent milk to hard work-won flora taking its momentary toll. And his stubbly tail, down-pressed in unworldly hesitancy, could not quiet the uneasy trembling of yet untried, too slender limbs.

And in that yesterday, the forest was his only protection. Against the scaly bole of the pine and the bronze bedding of infinite needle layers; against the enmeshing throes of alder and sumac and dying grays, his slender brown body found a devoted haven. His foster mother, solicitous of early desertion, gave him a modicum of peace; fed and sheltered, while strength and inherent wisdom slowly matured.

And today, with the wind already cold and the woods riotous in color, he no longer is a spotted fawn. No more are there hollows in his sleek sides, and his ears are now dwarfed by statured antlers. His long graceful legs are supple and sturdy, and his cloven hoofs inured to tremendous speed. Banded muscles course his broad chest and arch his graceful haunch. A great heart pumps richest blood, and mighty lungs comb every faintest breeze. Power is in him now, and beauty and infinite wisdom.

Against the deep azure of a winter sky, silhouetted in all his antlered majesty, he is a noble creature now. Nimble of limb, keen of eye he alone epitomizes the supreme of all of God's woodland creatures. He, alone, is the animated statue, created for the admiration of all men by the world's greatest Sculptor.

Namesakes in Animaland

By Jasper B. Sinclair

OLD and New World place-names have frequently been used to identify different varieties and breeds among our feathered and four-footed friends. This is an old established custom. The names of real persons, however, do not appear nearly so often in animaland.

The Roosevelt elk, featured in some of the national parks and forests of the American Northwest, has a distinction all its own. The namesake of Theodore Roosevelt is the only specimen of wildlife on the continent to be named after a President.

The King Charles spaniel was named for Charles I, the ill-fated Stuart king of England. It is said to have been introduced from Spain in his unhappy reign. The St. Bernard dog took its name from the Hospice of St. Bernard in the Swiss Alps, where many generations of the breed have been saving the lives of snowbound travelers.

The Dandie Dinmont, on the other hand, has a literary origin. This playful little terrier has a unique place in dogdom. It was named after a character in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels—the sheep farmer in GUY MANNERING.

The Gordon setter was named after an early Duke of Gordon, member of one of the oldest Scottish families. The linnet, a favorite European song bird, is the lyrical namesake of Karl von Linne, the great Swedish botanist.

The Baltimore oriole was probably named after an Englishman instead of the city that also bears his name. It was so called, say some naturalists, because the black and orange colorings in its plumage were the same as those on the coat of arms and livery of Lord Baltimore.



"I PICKED IT UP IN WASHINGTON!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

I THOUGHT as I brushed him that morning, that "Mr. Blue" had never looked better. His breath was sweet, his eyes sparkled, his coat was as soft and glossy as cobwebs.

"You, my friend," I told him with a fond pat, "are a very handsome fellow . . ."

"Well, thank you, my dear," someone said, and I turned to find Uncle Oliver.

"So, you're back at last!" I cried, giving him a hearty hug. "We've missed you."

"Well, you know how it is," he said. "Ned and Laura kept insisting I stay and then there were 'Queenie's' pups . . ."

"Don't tell me that Queenie is a mother again!" I said, interested.

Uncle Oliver's eyes sparkled. "Yep. Six this time. I didn't think much of them at first — scrawny, pot-bellied creatures, but after Ned wormed them, say — they were so full of pep they kept us all in stitches.

"Ned has his own worming formula," he went on. "Plug tobacco, honey and castor oil."

"Ugh!" I said, with a grimace. "Sounds terrible! And, anyway, no one but a doctor, who knows what he's doing, should worm a dog."

"Maybe, but it sure worked. A good worming wouldn't do this fellow any harm," he said, looking at Mr. Blue. "He doesn't look too chipper to me."

"There's nothing wrong with Mr. Blue," I told him, instantly on the defensive. "He's in A-1 condition and I want him to stay that way. So, don't you go getting any ideas . . ."

That evening, when we were all in the living room, with Mr. Blue stretched out asleep at Uncle Oliver's feet, the dog began twitching and making guttural sounds in his throat.

"What's the matter with *him*?" my husband asked, looking up from his paper.

"Dreaming," I said.

"Worms," Uncle Oliver contradicted. "Dogs always twitch and moan in their sleep when they have worms."

That night, after we had gone to bed, I began to fret about Mr. Blue's condition.

"He looks all right to me," Jack said, "but if you have any doubts, take him to a vet."

"I will," I said, but the next morning he looked so well that I went shopping instead. But when I returned, the house was ablaze with light and there was a car in the driveway.

I hurried in to find Dr. Sellby and my husband bent over Mr. Blue, who was stretched out on my best couch. Near the fireplace, Uncle Oliver sat with a very sick "Buddy Bearskin" on his lap.

"What happened?" I cried, looking from one stricken dog to the other.

Dr. Sellby turned on me a very sober face. "A touch of poisoning, I'm afraid . . ."

"Poisoning!" I cried, my heart in my mouth.

"It could have been something you gave him," he said. "Canned food improperly processed — a bit of meat, left too long in the refrigerator . . ."

"But that's impossible," I interrupted. "In the first place, I don't feed them canned food and in the second . . ."

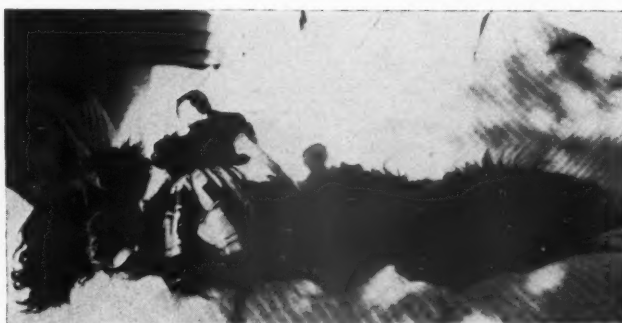
While I was talking, he was preparing a hypodermic needle.

"That's all I can do at present," he said. "If there's a change for the worse, call me. I'll be home all evening."

"Mr. Blue"

And the Cure

by Ina Loney Morris



Even his doll couldn't compensate for Uncle Oliver's "cure."

After he was gone, I went out to put the car away. I couldn't see very well; the garage was a blur, the jars and bottles on the shelf running around the interior were doing a jig. Getting a grip on myself, I set the car in motion and the next thing I knew — BANG! — I had run full tilt into the back wall, bringing down everything on the rear shelf.

The sound of breaking glass and of tin cans bouncing off the car, brought my family a-running.

After they had made sure I was unhurt, they examined the car. "What a mess!" Jack said disgustedly.

I got out to have a look. Something thick and oily was trickling from a broken bottle onto the hood of the car. The smell told me nothing, but the label did. CASTOR OIL!

For a moment I was puzzled. I bought the drugs for the family and they certainly didn't include castor oil. Then light dawned. Shoving my husband aside, I began stirring in the debris and sure enough, there it was — half a plug of chewing tobacco!

I didn't say a word, merely held it up for Uncle Oliver to see. Whereupon, he looked so woebegone that I didn't have the heart to give him the castigation he deserved.

Mr. Blue and Buddy recovered in due time and I had my revenge when I handed Uncle Oliver the doctor's bill.

"But ten dollars!" he sputtered, turning red. "Why, that's an outrage!"

"It certainly was," I agreed, with a meaningful look.



One Couple Cat

• • • • By Rosa Leedy

THE man and woman were taking an evening stroll along the harbor waterfront. Happily making small investigations, then bounding back to their side, was a big black and white cat with long white whiskers.

"Having a good time, 'Mister Whiskers'?" asked the man.

There was a time when Mister Whiskers was glad to go walking with either Captain or Mrs. Frank G. Kissinger, with whom he lives aboard their old sailing ship "Pacific Queen," moored in Long Beach (California) Harbor. But having walked with both of them a few times, he apparently made up his mind to have them both along every time. He made that wish known in a manner not to be misunderstood.

"Come on, Mister Whiskers," called the Captain one night as he walked down the pier alone. The cat bounded down the gangplank, stopped to look back, then followed reluctantly. Convinced his Mistress wasn't going along he took matters in his own paws and "attacked" the Cap-

tain. He ran up from behind, grabbed a leg with sheathed claws and, not-too-playfully, nipped an ankle.

Captain Kissinger reported the strange antics to his wife. It happened again and again, whenever she remained aboard—never when she was along.

Then a few weeks ago Mrs. Kissinger left the ship at dusk to go for a paper and called out, "Come on," to Mister Whiskers. Delightedly he followed. She paid no particular attention to him until he grabbed her leg and nipped her ankle. Upon being scolded he crouched and looked at her balefully. The nipping was repeated several times on the way to the newsstand, not at all on the way back to the ship.

Since then Captain and Mrs. Kissinger have made several separate experimental attempts to take walks with Mister Whiskers, always with the same result.

There can be no doubt about it, he wants both of them on his walks. He never nips either of them when they all walk together. Apparently Mister Whiskers doesn't believe that "three is a crowd."

Appreciation

TO all those friends who remembered Dr. Rowley, President Hansen and others of the staff at the Holiday Season with their attractive Christmas cards, we are sincerely grateful. We wish we could thank each of these most appreciated friends with a personal letter. All that they have wished us we wish them, and even more.

Our Cover Picture

THE two intelligent and appealing Dachshunds portrayed on our cover this month are the pets and companions of Miss Margaret Fish, a life member of our Society and cherished friend.

These two pets look as though their mistress had just come in and wished them a happy new year and they are responding with their whole-hearted attention. P. S. Perhaps she had their breakfast with her, too.

Queenie Does It Again!

By N. Arthur Miller

IF young Bobby Kenneth of Allentown, Pennsylvania, ever reaches the ripe old age of twenty, he'll have to vote his pet collie, "Queenie," a large share of thanks! Here's why!

Just ten months ago, Queenie risked her own life by dashing in front of an oncoming truck and pulling Bobby to safety after his tricycle had carried him into the street. For this bit of action, Queenie was petted and spoiled, and most dogs would have been satisfied to rest on their laurels. Not so Queenie!

Just the other day, Queenie came to the rescue again. This time, Bobby slipped and fell into a six-foot septic tank hole that was filled with water. Queenie seized the boy's wrist in her teeth and supported him above the water by digging her forepaws into the soft ground at the edge of the hole. She held on until Bobby's parents were attracted to the scene by the child's screams.

From now on it looks as though Queenie will be pretty much of a privileged character around the Kenneth household. And she deserves it, too! As Bobby said, when they pulled him out of the water: "Nobody came to help me but Queenie."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Animal Life

In Ancient Egypt . . .

By Ruby Zagoren



Carvings of cattle and poultry on the tomb of Ptahhotep, Sakkara, Egypt

WHEN an Egyptian artist carved a graceful gazelle out of ivory back in the year 1375 B. C., he probably never dreamed that it would be treasured by a museum in a then undiscovered country. Today this ivory gazelle is on exhibition in New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Standing on a base painted to suggest the desert and its scanty plants and flowers, this gazelle was represented as an untamed creature, though ancient Egyptians maintained flocks of domesticated gazelles and some were tame enough to become pets.

Other artists besides the sculptor of this ivory gazelle, painted scenes showing gazelles sidling close to a lady's skirt or hiding under her chair, and sometimes gazelles were buried with the mistresses who loved them.

The Egyptians' fondness for gazelles is not odd, however, when one remembers the Egyptians were fond of pets of all kinds. That is why the painted carvings on the walls of Egyptian tombs show a variety of animals — dogs, monkeys, cats, and even lions. Today there is a frieze of

ducks and geese from the tomb of one of the Pharaohs, on display in the Cairo, Egypt, Museum.

The Egyptians looked upon animals as pets, yes, and also as something more than pets, for their religion and worship were closely bound up with the animals they saw and knew in everyday life. To ancient Egyptians the sky was a great cow whose four legs were planted at the four corners of the earth.

That the Egyptians felt that there was an intimate relationship between their gods and animals is shown in their representations of their gods. Each Egyptian city at that time had its own god. The city of Edfu, for instance, worshipped the god Horus. Now Horus, the god, was represented by a falcon.

In one part of Lower Egypt a statue of Horus Hawk (Falcon) was found wearing the crown of the god of that city. A long hole was drilled in the body of the bird from tail to mouth and through this long hole an oracle talked, predicted the future and gave advice.

Other cities or nomes, as they were

then called, also had their own individual gods and animals representing their gods. The city of Thebes had a god called Amen and he was represented by a ram; Memphis residents worshipped the god Ptah, who with Apis was identified with the bull; Harshaf of Akhanas by a ram; the god Set of Ombos by an ass; Thoth of Hermopolis by an ibis and a baboon as well. Osiris was identified with the goat; Sekhmet, consort of Ptah, was lion-headed; Hathor, cow-headed; Apet, hippopotamus-goddess; Anubis, jackal-headed; Maahes, lion-headed; and Ophios was the wolf god of Tykapolis.

Some of these gods presided over all the interests of their worshippers, according to ancient Egyptian belief. These gods, with their animal counterparts, made husbandry fruitful and gave increase of flocks, and were on the standards in their animal forms, carried before the Army in wartime.

Besides being pets, animals, then, were also representations of religious deities and treated with honor and care by the everyday Egyptians, as well as by the artists who portrayed them.

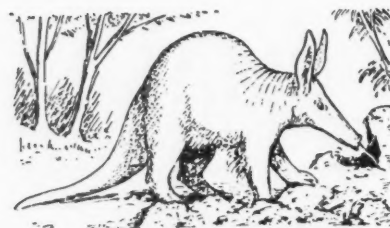


The Chameleon captures a gnat on the end of his tongue.

Strange T

by J. Dyer Kue

Reproduced through the courtesy of American



The Aard-vark or Earth Pig.

THE tongues of frogs, toads, anteaters, chameleons, moths and many other creatures, are very different in size and shape. A little study will show you that each tongue has been designed by Nature to assist its owner in procuring the particular food he craves.

Very possibly you have watched a frog or a toad sitting quietly behind the leaves of some nearby plant. The frog does not move a muscle.

He is on the lookout for passing insects or grubs. If a gnat flies nearby, the frog makes a slight quick movement and the gnat disappears. But the frog has worked too fast for you to see what really happened.

The tongues of frogs and toads are fastened at the front of their mouths instead of at the back. As they are covered with a very sticky substance, they are perfect fly-catchers.

When a fly comes within a certain distance of a hungry frog, out shoots his tongue and traps the fly on the tip.

A chameleon is noted for his ability to change the color of his skin to harmonize with his environment. But this odd little lizard also possesses a remarkable sticky tongue. By its aid the chameleon is able to capture his breakfast without moving his body. The picture shows you how he does it.

Anteaters also capture their live food by means of their long, sticky tongues. Different anteaters are found in many countries. They are of great assistance to men, for if the ants and termites were not destroyed in some manner, they would soon overrun the land.

All true anteaters are toothless and possess long, sticky tongues. Nature has also provided them with strong claws on their front feet. These are digging claws. They are used to break open ant-hills and nests. As soon as the runways are exposed, in goes the anteater's long tongue. A moment later he withdraws it covered with ants. He eats them eagerly and thrusts his tongue back into the nest for more.

The Echidna is probably the strangest anteater in the whole world. This wonder is found in Australia. It looks it resembles an English hedgehog, but it is larger and has quills of a lighter color. The Echidna also possesses a long tapering snout.

As the quills do not grow on the creature's underside, when danger threatens, it rolls up into a prickly ball.

Every so often, Mrs. Echidna lays an egg with a leathery shell. This egg is carried about in her pouch, and when the baby echidna hatches out, it also remains in the warm pouch until it grows quills. Then it is able to take care of itself.

In the picture, the echidna has torn open an ant-nest and is putting its long snout into the hole. The tongue penetrates still farther into the nest and captures ants by the "tongue-full."

Here are pictures of three other anteaters. One shows the odd-looking Great Anteater, sometimes called the

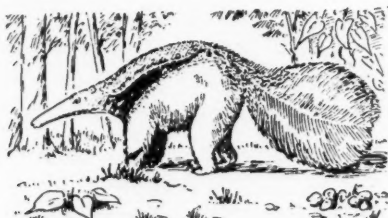


When danger has passed the Pangolin slowly uncoils and proceeds to hunt for an ant-hill or nest.

Tongues

Kuenstler

American Childhood and the author



The Great Anteater or Ant Bear.

Ant-bear.

At first glance the animal's small head and long snout do not seem to belong to its large hairy body. It is a native of Tropical America.

The Aard-vark (ard-vark) or earth pig of West Africa, works by night, and prefers termites to ants for a steady diet. His bare skin is a pinkish color, with odd tufts of hair here and there.

The scaly Pangolin (pang-go-lin) resembles the armadillo, and is found in the jungles of India. A similar kind lives in Africa, and a tree-climbing variety inhabits China. The pangolin is another toothless animal that licks up ants with his long sticky tongue.

Also, the Tamandua (ta-man-dua) or lesser anteater lives in Central and Tropical America. Besides searching for ants on the ground, the tamandua is a tree-climbing ant-exterminator. His long hairless tail is often twined around a branch of a tree to assist him when he climbs. In size he equals a large cat.

The bird known as the Flicker also catches ants on his sticky tongue. If enough ants are available he will make a whole meal of them.

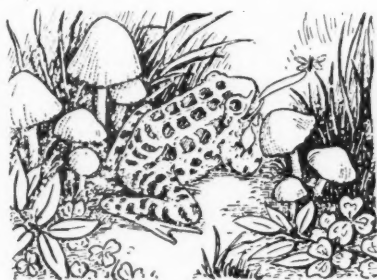
The Woodpecker you see tapping the tree-trunks with his hard pointed bill possesses a tongue with a sharp point on the end, and tiny hooks on the side. The bird digs a hole in the wood for a certain depth, then in goes his tongue. It pierces the grub, and the barbs hold it firmly. When the woodpecker withdraws his tongue, out comes the grub, also.

You will recall that the tiny hummingbird has a very long bill for its



The Echidna resembles a huge pin-cushion with a long tongue.

size. Inside the beak is an equally long hollow tongue. When the hummingbird hovers over a cluster of



Mr. Frog captures a fly.

long-necked flowers and thrusts its bill into one of them, it sucks up the sweet nectar from the flower-cup with this odd tongue. Without this unusual tool, the pretty little bird would not be able to feed from four-o'clocks and similar long-necked flowers.

Moths and butterflies that feed on nectar may live for weeks. They possess long hollow tongues with which they suck up the nectar. When this long tongue or proboscis is not being used, it is coiled up under the owner's head, like a tiny hairspring of a watch. See the head of the butterfly.

The honeybee also needs a long tongue to reach down to the bottom of long-necked flowers, such as the four-o'clock, to get the nectar. If you get a chance to examine a bee's tongue you will find that it is much too long to be withdrawn into the bee's mouth. A large portion of the tongue is usually folded up in a hollow under the bee's head.

The giraffe's tongue is at least 18 inches long. He also has a long upper tip. He twists this tongue and lip around the fresh green leaves of some tree and tears them off and chews them up.

It would take too long to relate all the live creatures with strange, useful tongues. However, if you wish to follow up this study, you need not go into the jungle for new examples. Take the house-cat. Her tongue is a perfect washcloth. Suppose you allow your dog to lick your fingers. Then rub a little butter over your fingers and encourage Kitty to lick it off. The lick of the cat's tongue will feel different from the lick of the dog. Can you explain the difference?



Head of butterfly showing the tongue as it is being coiled up.

Stop! Thief!

Is the thief actually trying to rob the Telephone Company? Is he after a nickel that was returned by the operator and forgotten in the rush of business hours? It looks mighty suspicious to us. Call the police, the sheriff, the mayor!

But, perhaps kitty has seen his human friends slip a furtive finger into the return slot of this public telephone and has decided to do a little investigating of his own.

And then, again, the photographer may have slipped a sprig of catnip into the receptacle to lure kitty into a photogenic pose.

We are indebted for these pictures to Miss Margaret M. Eunson, Staff Member of The First National Bank of Boston.



Hey! What's in here?



Let's try it from this side.



Oh, boy! If I can get that nickel, I'll buy myself a bunch of fresh catnip.

Post a Letter to the Mice

WHEN the ancient Greeks were bothered by mice, they wrote letters to the mice. This is the letter that an old Greek treatise on farming suggests to the husbandman who wants to rid his farm of mice:

"I adjure you, ye mice here present, that ye neither injure me nor suffer another mouse to do so. I give you yonder field" (here the farmer specifies which field) "but if ever I catch you here again, by the Mother of the Gods, beware!" The treatise tells the farmer to "Write this and stick the paper on an unhewn stone in the field before sunrise, taking care to keep the written side up."

Not only did the Greeks give the mice fair warning, but also they gave the mouse credit for being able to read the paper and understand its meanings. Perhaps the mice of that time were more learned than those of the twentieth century, for today's mice would only nibble the paper or take it home to line their nests.

In Ardennes, France, people who wanted to rid themselves of rats were told to repeat the following words, "erat verbum, apud Deum, vestrum. Male rats and female rats, I conjure you to go out of my house, out of all my habitations and to betake yourselves to such and such a place, there to end your days. Decretis, reversis et desembarassis virgo potens, clemens, justitiae." Then the people of Ardennes wrote these same words on pieces of paper; folded them up and placed one of them under the door by which the rats are to go forth, and the other on the road which they are to take. This rite was to be performed at sunrise. Evidently the Ardennes people credited the mice with understanding Latin too.

In America, one farmer is reported to have written an extremely civil letter to the rats. In this letter he explained to them that his crops were short, that he could not afford to keep them through the winter. He didn't mind having them around ordinarily, he had been kind to them, they would remember, but for their own good he thought they better leave him for some of his neighbors who had more grain, better crops. This selfless individual then pinned this letter to a post in his barn for the rats to read.

We hear of all these letters that were written to mice and rats. Since it was before the time of Emily Post, the mice and rats did not answer in writing.

In Germany there is the almost universal maxim that when a tooth is pulled, it should be inserted in a mouse hole. To put a child's tooth in the mouse hole means that you are preventing the child from having a toothache. Another means of taking care of your teeth is to throw the pulled tooth backwards over your head, behind the stove, and say, "Mouse, give me your iron tooth; I will give you my bone tooth." After that your other teeth are supposed to remain fine.

Across half the world at Raratonga, in the Pacific, the following prayer is recited when a child's tooth is pulled:

*"Big rat, little rat,
Here is my old tooth.
Pray give me a new one."*

Then the tooth was thrown on the house thatch since rats nest in the decayed thatch. Evidently the reason rats are thought of in connection with teeth, is that the rats' teeth were the strongest known to the natives.

And in South Africa it seems logical to natives for the warriors to wind tufts of rats' hair into their own curly black locks. Thus the warrior will have as many chances of avoiding the enemy's spear as the nimble rat has of avoiding things thrown at it.

—Ruby Zagoren

Please Be Patient!

We were utterly swamped with orders for gift subscriptions this year—so much so that it became a physical impossibility to start all these gifts with the January issue.

Working all day, every day, we tried to send gift cards to each recipient so that they would all arrive before Christmas and we shall do our best to have these subscriptions started at least by our February issue.

Please be patient if first copies are not received sooner.



Denver Post Photo by Al Moldvay

This is the changing of the guard along one Denver mail route. Tippy, the Airedale, who accompanies Postman Charles Reed on the morning round, prepares to turn over his duties to Beetle, the Scottish terrier, shown waiting by the storage mailbox.

Jealous Dogs Reach Compromise

By Blaine Littell, Denver Post Staff Writer

BEETLE," a middle-aged member of London Tail Waggers Club, now living in Denver, Colorado, will let nothing stand in the way of his love for the United States postal system.

And the cold war, waged for the past few months between "Beetle," a squat Scotty, and an Airedale, named "Tippy," over the privilege of escorting a mailman on his daily rounds, has at last come to a peaceful halt. A canine balance of power was in effect on the corner of East Seventeenth Avenue and Fairfax Street.

"Tippy has the morning shift," Postman Charles E. Reed explained, "and Beetle works afternoons."

This lust for letters was born in Beetle's breast at an age when most dogs are still grappling with bedroom slippers. According to his landlady, Mrs. John H.

Singleton, Beetle saw his first mailbox five years ago as a puppy. Something clicked and Beetle has been courting mail boxes and mailmen ever since.

"Probably he thinks he needs the exercise," said Mrs. Singleton. "He tries to let nothing interfere with his routine. I remind him that the mail doesn't go through on Sundays and holidays, but he seldom takes what I say very seriously."

A creature of habit, Beetle loathed the recent changes that life and the machinations of the postal department thrust upon him. Several months ago, Reed was moved to another route. Slightly bewildered, Beetle stuck to the old box and tried to make friends with the new postman. For a while the new arrangement worked.

"But when they moved Beetle's old mailbox from East Sixteenth Avenue and

Grape Street to East Seventeenth right after that," said Mrs. Singleton, "Beetle had a nervous breakdown."

After his recovery, the keg-shaped animal put his nose to the ground and sought out his one-time friend, Reed, the postman. But in the meantime, the mail carrier had adopted another dog. Three's a crowd and Reed, in the middle, was non-plused.

"But the dogs straightened it out between themselves," Reed insisted. "Myself, I wouldn't have known what to do."

So, as Reed walked toward the mail storage box on the corner of Fairfax Street and East Seventeenth Avenue at noon, one day, Beetle was waiting. Tippy, the Airedale, who had followed the postman all that morning, knew he was through for the day. Reed viewed the changing of the guard with the pride of a Britisher in front of Buckingham Palace.

Gas Hounds

JOE CAPTAN and Ethyl Captan are not the names of a married couple as you might think, but belong to a couple of bloodhounds that earned them in an odd and worthwhile manner. It happened this way!

A Louisiana gas firm was being plagued by a leak in one of its lines that no one could locate. Even a trained crew of men equipped with automatic gas detection meters failed. Finally, C. E. Gill, chemical engineer and owner of the Natural Gas Odorizing Company, of Houston, Texas, came to the rescue. With him came a couple of bloodhounds named Joe and Ethyl.

An evil-smelling chemical was mixed with the gas entering the leaking lines. Joe and Ethyl had been trained to recognize this chemical, known as metcaptans, by scent, and when they were turned loose they had little trouble finding the leak. With this achievement, Joe and Ethyl have opened a new field in the possible training of dogs.

The American Chemical Society has recognized Joe and Ethyl's contribution to safety by making a note of it in their trade journal. Quite a record I'd say, for just a couple of dogs from down Texas way!

—N. Arthur Miller

Society News



Director of Education, Albert A. Pollard, presents Humane Key to Mrs. Virginia Sedgewick Whedon.

National Humane Convention

OUR Societies were well represented at the National Convention, held in Detroit, Michigan, last October. In attendance were President Eric H. Hansen, Director of Education Albert A. Pollard, J. Robert Smith, Assistant to the President, and William A. Swallow, Secretary and Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*.

The last two had assignments on the regular convention program. Mr. Smith spoke authoritatively on the duties of the humane agent and Mr. Swallow defended the present program of Be Kind to Animals Week in a paper entitled "Should Be Kind to Animals Week Be Continued in Its Present Form."

One of the highlights of the banquet was the presentation of the American Humane Education Society's Humane Key. This award has now become a yearly event in recognition of outstanding service in the field of Humane Education. At this meeting, Director Pollard presented the key to Mrs. Virginia Sedgewick Whedon of the Anti-Cruelty Society of Chicago, for her years of devoted service in this field of endeavor.

Dr. Schroeder in Buffalo

DR. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, gave an illustrated talk at the annual meeting of the Western New York Veterinary Medical Association at Buffalo, held in December. His subject concerned the luxation of the coxo-femoral joint, and other hip injuries in small animals.

John R. Forgie

WITH sincere regret we announce to our readers and the members of our two organizations the death of Mr. John R. Forgie, for many years a director of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who passed away at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Norman W. Hay of 50 Oak Street, Braintree, following a long illness.

Until a few years ago Mr. Forgie was head of the James Forgie Sons Company, makers of fine harnesses, founded by his father in 1868. He was a member of the Gate of the Temple Lodge, A. F. and A. M. for more than fifty years, and of St. Paul's Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, also a corporator of the Boston Penny Savings Bank.

Always interested in the welfare of animals, up to the time of his last illness, Mr. Forgie faithfully discharged his duties as a director and could be depended upon to attend meetings of the Societies, prepared to cast his vote for any measure which would be of benefit to the animals.

Mr. Forgie is survived by his wife, Margaret Spence Forgie, a son, James B. Forgie, another daughter, Mrs. Katherine Holman, and a sister, Miss Jennie M. Forgie, to whom we extend sincere sympathy.



Photo by Sargent Studios

Miss Mildred Donnelly, field worker of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.



Harry C. Smith, agent of our Society, presents certificate of merit to Walter Kuczinski, owner of "Pal."

"Pal," a Hero

WAYNE Noe, six years old, was lost. A hundred and fifty firemen, police and volunteers, turned out to search for him, covering a two-mile square area in Upton, Mass. "Pal" was helping in the search with his master, Walter Kuczinski, 15, and Joseph Wright, Jr., 13. They were walking through the brushland when suddenly the dog stopped and refused to come when called, so Walter returned to the spot where Pal had halted and found Wayne asleep under a tree.

New Field Worker

THIS fall we have added to our staff a young woman with a background which admirably fits her for a new approach in our school relationships. This new field worker, Miss Mildred Donnelly, in response to a letter sent to superintendents of schools, has been interviewing school authorities. She has been cordially and enthusiastically received by all. Supplementing the customary single talk to an assembly, present plans call for Miss Donnelly to give a series of five lessons in the classrooms of the fifth grades. All phases of the animal kingdom, with emphasis on proper care, protection, and kindness will be stressed. Unfortunately, the demand has so exceeded available time that many outlying areas can only be served with a single talk.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

and Service

Pet Show at Children's Museum

A FEW anxious girls and boys with their pets walked about the lawn adjoining the Children's Museum of Jamaica Plain. It was October eighth, a special day among the various activities for children the Museum provides. To quicken and foster the spirit of kindness and justice to animals, a pet show was scheduled for this day.

The sky lightened, the sun appeared momentarily, and the museum staff made sure all arrangements for the ninety entries and the judges and spectators were in order. Mrs. Boyle, director of the museum, was busy seeing that no animal should be in uncomfortable quarters or improperly handled, for strange surroundings under such conditions will make for fear and discomfort. Alone and in groups the animals and their young owners began to arrive. Some pets were led, and others were carried. Included were sundry turtles, rabbits, chickens, snakes, and salamanders. Of course, one cat, not caring for judges and ribbons, nonchalantly decided to go home, but was finally persuaded to stay on by an attractive little girl in pigtails. As Don Messenger of the *Christian Science Monitor* staff reported, "Along with the satisfaction of being admired, dogs and cats rubbed shoulders without any of the separating stands of professional shows, where canine and feline aristocrats sit aloof, each in its own place."



Carl Johnson's snake won first prize in miscellaneous class. Barry Hawkes with turtles.

At last, with Albert A. Pollard, director of education of the American Humane Education Society, and his assistants, Miss Mildred Donnelly and Miss Marie Keating, the judging of the several classes got under way. Dozens of youngsters, leading their dogs and puppies around the ring, looked up with bright eyes and patted their pets, as the judges conferred.

The first prize in the Puppies' Class went to "Wimpy," a brown cocker spaniel, owned by two brothers, Joseph and William MacPhee of Jamaica Plain. Wimpy went on to win the prize for Best in Show.

First prize in the Miscellaneous Pets' Class went to Carl Johnson for his garter snake, "Washington."

First prize in the Cats' Class was won by Ruth Korhler with her tiger cat, "Cuddles." Judy Fassler of Chestnut Hill won second prize with her lovely angora, "Polly."

In the Kitten Class, "Mittens," owned by R. Welch, carried off top honors. Dorothy Elia with "Sand" and Beverly Cullen with "Tom" shared second honors.

First prize for the Dog Class went to a handsome shepherd called "Rip," owned by Fred Lipp of Jamaica Plain. Betty Mahood, in a last-minute entry with an English bulldog, called Duke of Gartland, won second prize in Big Dogs' Class.

The snakes, turtles, rabbits, and other pets in their cages were carefully placed in a station wagon bound for home. The youngsters with prize-winning pets



Mr. Pollard awarding prize to Joseph and William MacPhee for "Wimpy," best in show.



Judy Fassler and "Polly," second prize winner.

proudly displayed their ribbons, as puppies and dogs and cats were glad to leave for more peace and quiet.

N. B. The pictures were taken by Donald O. J. Messenger for The Children's Museum.

Turkey Rodeo Called Off

THE week before Thanksgiving it was announced in the Boston papers that an individual was contemplating turning a number of turkeys loose on the Common and inviting children to try their luck at obtaining their Thanksgiving dinners.

Each child was to bring a lasso, and attempt from a distance, to throw the loop over the turkey's neck. Successful contestants would then be given the bird caught in this manner.

Fortunately for the turkeys, this news brought protests by the hundreds and our Society was on the job immediately, contacting representatives of the proposed rodeo and influential people in Boston on the grounds that it was better to stop this stunt before any of the turkeys might come to harm unnecessarily.

Finally the park department announced that it would refuse to grant the necessary permit to use the Common in that manner and the rodeo was called off.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



This is Becky Kiser, age 6, with her toy collie, "Sissy," and two motherless kittens she adopted when they were three days old. They look almost as big as "Sissy." All live in Shelby, North Carolina.

"Noodles"

By Phoebe Ann Herbert (Age 7)

WE have a pet cat named "Noodles." He is two-and-a-half years old. He is pampered and very much loved. Noodles is a faithful companion and always tries to be with the family. I am very sure we would be very sad if anything ever happened to Noodles.

All Animals

DOGS, cats, all animals — horses, cows, any animals, they may save your life some day. So don't you say, "You go away." Be kind to animals all, any animals.

—Judy Jarvis (Age 9)

Our Baby Squirrels

By Barbara Ann Beech (Age 11)

Dear little pets with coats of gray,
We're glad you came with us to stay;
For you brighten all our days,
With your cute and cunning ways.

In your nest so snug and warm,
You lie safe from any harm;
So close your eyes and go to sleep.
Wake up when it's time to eat.

Though you think you want to roam,
You are safe here at home.
When you're grown you may go free,
But always please come back to me.

Lost Turkey

By Eleanor Farias (Age 12)

THIS summer my grandmother was putting in her turkeys. She found that one of them was missing. We searched high and low, through fields and everything. Finally, my grandmother gave up.

After five weeks the turkey came back with five baby turkeys. The little turkeys died, but the mother is still living.

"Heidi"

By Barbara Mainville (Age 15)

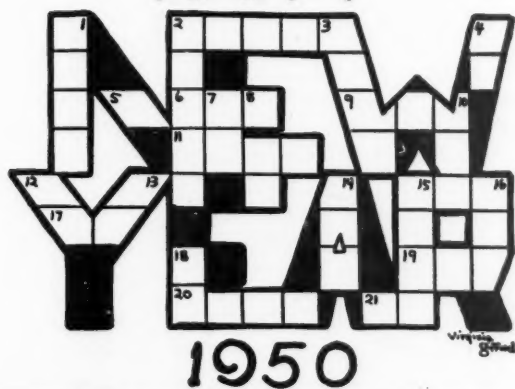
HEIDI" is a baby goat, two-and-a-half months old, and a very active pet. Both she and her mother, "Beauty," have proved to be true friends. One of Heidi's best friends is "Mitzi," our collie. But there seems to be one understanding they both seem to have, as long as Mitzi stays out of Heidi's barn they hold good friendship.





OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

HAPPY



ACROSS

2. 
 5. 1000 ROMAN NUMERAL.
 6. POEM.
 9. WANDER.
 11. LABOR.
 15. TO OBSERVE.
 17. UPON.
 19. AN INSECT.
 20. 
 21. EITHER.

DOWN

1. 
 3. SHARP.
 4. 12 INCHES - ABBV.
 7. NOTE IN MUSICAL SCALE.
 8. PERIOD OF TIME.
 10. REPENT OF.
 12. TO DEPART.
 13. WITHIN.
 14. CHILDREN'S GAME.
 15. MARK CAUSED BY A WOUND.
 16. TO DEVOUR.
 18. POST SCRIPT - ABBV.

Mr. Turtle

By Alan Craig (Jolly Rogers Club)

A queer little fellow
 As everyone knows—
 He carries his house
 Wherever he goes.

So it doesn't matter
 How far he may roam—
 When he pulls in his head,
 Mr. Turtle is home!

Answer to Santa Claus Crossword Puzzle which appeared in December: ACROSS—2. Tree, 3. He, 5. Minor, 7. La., 8. Pony, 9. Sun, 11. Snow. DOWN—1. Drum, 3. Holly, 4. Era, 6. Igloo, 9. Son, 10. Now.

Johnny Hop Toad

By William McN. Kittredge

SH—! Tom, come here quick and look!" Walking quietly from the tulip bed, Rob had beckoned to his sister Nancy and brothers Tom and Bill to tiptoe over to where he stood.

Rob put a finger to his mouth to keep them quiet and had them kneel near the tulip bed. There among the tulips sat a big fat toad. Over his shoulders was a spot of brilliant green, but around his short front legs was what seemed like a heavy material all in a wrinkle. "How queer," Tom started to say but Rob quieted him, for the toad put one foot in his mouth and pulled and tugged and then suddenly all the wrinkled gray skin around his right leg came off. Next he put his other foot in his mouth and pulled and pulled and look! The old gray wrinkled skin came off and Johnny Hop Toad sat up as perk as could be in a brand new suit of clothes.

What do you think Johnny Hop Toad did with his old suit of clothes? Well, he did not leave it there on the ground as some small boys do with their clothes, for a tired mother to pick up and hang in the closet. But there was no closet near the tulip bed, nor a clothes basket where he could put his cast-off clothes. So what do you think Johnny did? You'd never guess! Sh—! I'll tell you! He ate them up! Yes, he swallowed them! That's what the toad always does. For Tom, Rob, Nancy and Bill all stood there and saw him do it!

"My, isn't he pretty?" whispered Tom. They all nodded their heads and Johnny Hop Toad seemed to be admiring himself as he stood there in his pretty, nice new green suit. He blinked his eyes at four nice children and seemed to say to them, "I'll work hard for you good children because you have never hurt me nor my family. I'll help your garden by eating bugs that do harm to your vegetables and flowers."

And off he hopped to get to work and eat the harmful bugs and insects in the garden. It is very hard to catch or kill these bugs that do so much harm, but Johnny Hop Toad can do it quite easily.

So remember, boys and girls, that the hop toad in your garden is your friend, helping to kill and eat the harmful bugs. He is working hard, this little four-legged fellow, to rid your garden of bugs. Never harm him, for he is your best garden friend.

Answer to Animals in Advertising Puzzle which appeared last month: 1. Swan Soap or Swansdown Cake Flour, 2. Bon Ami Cleaning Powders, 3. Br'er Rabbit Molasses, 4. Greyhound Bus, 5. Mobiloil Gasoline, 6. Elsie — Borden's Milk, 7. Victor Records, 8. Deerfoot Sausages, 9. Camel Cigarettes, 10. Blue or Red Goose Children's Shoes.



A bird bath and a feeding tray will attract many different birds.

Birds Who Tell Their Names

By John H. Spicer

TO find a bird's name often means looking through a book until one finds a picture of the bird itself, but many of our North American birds are more co-operative than that. They will speak right up and tell you who they are. Of course this doesn't mean that they are intelligent enough to know their own names but merely that the bird has been named for the sound it makes.

These include a number of our best-known birds, and, as a rule, we don't have to go very far to find at least some of them. When we hear a bird that says "cuckoo" from the orchard or a roadside grove, we never have any doubt about what kind of a bird it is. The phoebe is another often heard in similar locations. But, there are few birds who call their names more plainly than does the pewee, who has a fondness for nesting under bridges and in similar locations.

Out in the meadows and fields there are others. The bobwhites call from the grain fields and fence rows. Every meadow will have one or more pairs of bobolinks who fill the air with their song in spring and early summer, a bubbling song from which their name is taken. Another little field bird says "Dick-ciss-ciss" so

constantly that dickcissel is his common name. In the pastures and uplands we find the killdeer, a small, plover-like bird, who circles through the air screaming his name at us, especially before a rain.

In the woods we will find a stout, brownish bird scratching in the leaves, who loudly says "chewink" to us. This is the chewink or towhee. And we seldom visit the woods without meeting some of these cheerful little black-capped birds who tell us they are chickadees.

One of the familiar sounds of the summer evenings in Canada and the United States are the words "whip-poor-will," repeated over and over from the shadows in the trees or along the edges of the woods.

There are birds, too, who do not exactly speak their names, yet tell us who they are in an unmistakable fashion. Thus, if we hear one mewing at us from an orchard thicket, we know it is a catbird. On some northern lake or bay we may hear a weird, mournful laugh from a distance. If we think it sounds as crazy as a loon, we would have guessed correctly for a loon it is. However it may sound, though, this bird is far from crazy, for there are few wild creatures as wary and alert as this northern swimmer.

TYPING

Manuscripts, letters, theses, etc., neatly and accurately typed, at the low rate of 30¢ a page with 5¢ extra for carbon copies.

MRS. ERNEST L. La FOND
56 Pine Street Holyoke, Mass.

Annual Poster Contest

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society announce the opening of their annual Poster Contest, open to pupils in elementary grades above the third and in junior high and high schools, in connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, which will be celebrated May 7-13, with Humane Sunday, May 7. The contest closes March 1, 1950.

Prizes for this year's contest will be pins of an attractive design, the first prize to be of silver, and the second of bronze. In addition, annual subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* will be sent to those winning honorable mention.

Before starting on your posters, if you do not have complete rules be sure to send for them at the address given below.

Drawings on light cardboard or heavy paper must be 12 x 18 inches, or 18 x 24 inches and must be shipped flat, all charges prepaid, to the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1950.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes	
Ten \$2.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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Our Dumb Animals

180 Longwood Ave.
Boston 15, Mass.

1949 BOUND VOLUME OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Place your order now for the 1949 bound volume of Our Dumb Animals, attractively bound in red cloth, with gold letters, which will be ready for distribution the latter part of January. It contains informative articles and stories on nature and animal care, and appealing verse, 240 pages, with approximately 200 story-telling pictures.

If you are puzzled as to what to send that animal lover for Christmas order a copy of the 1948 Bound Volume. A few still on hand.

Price — \$2.00 each

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Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

The annual meeting of our two Societies will be held Tuesday, February 28, 1950.

Special Offer

ODA and Pictures



Photo, Childhood Reflections, Inc.

THIS month we are offering our readers a *real* bargain. For two dollars, we will send a year's subscription of *Our Dumb Animals* and a full set of ten outstanding, story-telling pictures, one of which is pictured above.

These pictures are just right for framing for the home or office and are ideal for use in the schools as seat work material. Each picture measures about 8" x 9" and is printed on heavy coated paper 11" x 12".

Furthermore, we shall be glad to send the magazine and pictures either to the same address or different addresses, whichever you choose.

In other words, if you are already a subscriber, but would like the set of pictures for yourself, you have only to give a gift subscription to a friend, a school or a library and request the picture set be sent to you.

Just fill out the blank and send it with \$2.00 to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. We will do the rest.

ORDER FOR SUBSCRIPTION AND PICTURE SET

I enclose my check for \$ Please send magazine and pictures as indicated below:

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